

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 3.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1898.

NO. 40.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:27 A. M. Daily.	
8:14 A. M. Daily.	
9:45 P. M. Daily.	
10:57 P. M. Daily.	
12:04 P. M. Sundays only.	
SOUTH.	
7:33 A. M. Daily.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
4:03 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
7:58 P. M. Sundays Only.	
12:19 A. M. Saturday night Only.	

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

### TIME TABLE FOR BADEN LINE.

Leaving Time from Holy Cross.	Leaving Time from Baden Station.
8:55 A. M.	9:02 A. M.
9:10 "	9:40 "
9:50 "	10:20 "
10:30 "	11:00 "
11:10 "	11:40 "
11:50 "	12:20 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	1:00 "
1:10 "	1:40 "
1:50 "	2:20 "
2:30 "	3:00 "
3:10 "	3:40 "
3:50 "	4:20 "
4:30 "	5:00 "
5:10 "	5:40 "
5:50 "	6:00 "

## TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abasco, south San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.  
Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m.

## MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North 7:50 4:30  
South 8:40 4:30

## MAIL CLOSURE.

North 8:45 a. m.  
South 6:40 p. m.  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday, in Grace Church. Afternoon Services at 4 p. m. Two Sundays in each month, and Evening Services at 7:30 p. m. two Sundays in each month. See local column.  
Sunday School at 3:00 p. m. Regular Choir practice every Friday evening at 7:45 p. m.

## MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every second and fourth Wednesday, at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT  
Hon. G. H. Buck. Redwood City

TREASURER  
P. P. Chamberlain. Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR  
F. M. Granger. Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
H. W. Walker. Redwood City

ASSESSOR  
C. D. Hayward. Redwood City

COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER  
J. F. Johnston. Redwood City

SHERIFF  
J. E. Mansfield. Redwood City

AUDITOR  
Geo. Barker. Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
Miss Etta M. Tilton. Redwood City

CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR  
Jas. Crowe. Redwood City

SURVEYOR  
W. B. Gilbert. Redwood City

## EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

DEEDS.

Wm. H. Howard to Mary Gilligan, Block 36 Western Addition, San Mateo. \$10

Ella Royal Lutz, executrix, to Jacob Heyman, Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 74, Abbey Homestead. 400

James Wylie Mackie to Maude L. Mackie, Lot 12, S. S. White Tract. 1

Patrick Brooks to Chinese Christian Cemetery Association, 2 acres in Buri Buri Rancho. 1000

William A. Stuart, trustee, to Wm. Carr, executrix of estate of W. B. Carr, deceased, 26.29 acres in Section 32, T. 8 S., R. 4 W., Block 5, Block 21, West Ad. San Mateo. 30

Albert F. Pick to Minnie Pick, Lots 1 and 8, Block 118, South San Francisco. 250

Richard Campbell and wife to Wm. Calwell, Lot 5, Block 21, West Ad. San Mateo. 212

F. E. Lutz (estate of) by Superior Court, to Jacob Heyman, Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 74, Abbey Homestead. 400

Fred W. Gibson to Martin Gibson, tract of land known as Major Downing Ranch, on Tunitas creek. 10

MORTGAGES.

Julius Thiele and wife to Gerhard Bruns, Lots 5, 6, 7, Block 54, Abbey Homestead. 400

RELEASE OF MORTGAGE.

Humboldt S. and L. Society to Patrick Brooks, on 2 acres in Buri Buri Rancho—partial release.

## Protest to Portugal.

Gibraltar.—H. J. Sprague, United States Consul, has lodged a protest with the Portuguese Government against the stopping of the Spanish torpedo-boats Halcon and Habana in Sines bay. It is reported here that a Spanish cruiser and torpedo-boat passed through the straits going westward.

A new oil field has been discovered in southern California. The new discovery was made by Jonathan Begg, the mining locator, and lies between the Santa Ana range of mountains on their eastern slopes and Elinore lake, Riverside county.

Keep the pullets growing if you want them to come into profit by fall.

## A PROCLAMATION

By General Miles to the Porto Ricans.

### COMPLETE LIBERTY ASSURED THEM.

"They Bring You the Fostering Arms of a Free People, Whose Greatest Power Is Justice and Humanity."

Ponce, Porto Rico.—General Miles has issued the following proclamation:

"In the prosecution of the war against the kingdom of Spain by the people of the United States in the cause of liberty, justice and humanity, its military forces have come to occupy the island of Porto Rico. They come bearing the banners of freedom, inspired by a noble purpose, to seek the enemies of our Government and of yours and to destroy or capture all in armed resistance. They bring you the fostering arms of a free people, whose greatest power is justice and humanity to all living within their fold. Hence they release you from your former political relations and, it is hoped, insure your cheerful acceptance of the Government of the United States.

"The chief object of the American military forces will be to overthrow the authority of Spain and to give the people of your beautiful island the largest measure of liberty consistent with this military occupation. They have not come to make war on the people of the country who for centuries have been oppressed, but, on the contrary, they come to protect not only yourselves but your property, to promote your prosperity and to bestow the immunities and blessings of our enlightened and liberal institutions and government.

"It is not their purpose to interfere with the existing laws and customs which are wholesome and beneficial to the people, so long as they conform to the rules of the military administration, order and justice. This is not a war of devastation and desolation, but to give all within the control of the military and naval forces the advantages and blessings of enlightened civilization."

## BRITISH PAPERS ON PEACE.

United States Credited With a Desire to Be Generous.

London.—The weekly papers credit the United States with a desire to deal generously with Spain. The Saturday Review says:

"We are convinced that America will not play the part of a Shylock, but now that she has learned to appreciate the bravery and fighting qualities of the Spaniards, as well as the worthlessness of the Cuban rebels, she will make obvious atonement for the precipitancy with which she entered upon the war by dealing generously with her opponents."

The Spectator takes a line quite unusual in the English press, most strongly urging the United States to assume direct control of both Cuba and the Philippines. It implores the Washington Government, "rather to break an ingenious pledge to Congress than to allow Cuba or the Philippines to be independent, or to return to the cruel Spanish dominion."

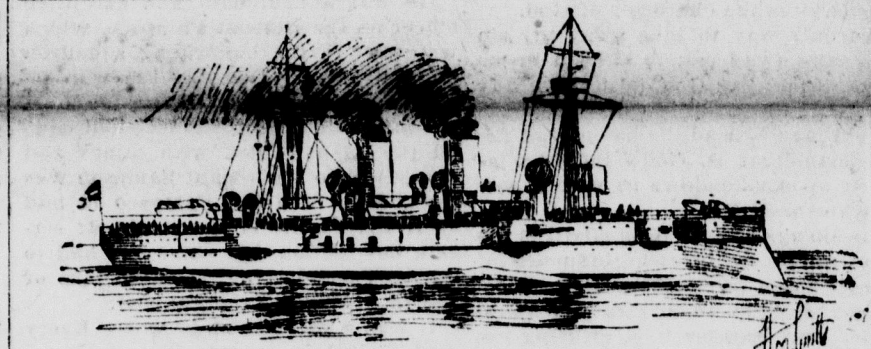
"Since it is equally inadmissible," the Spectator says, "to grant independence or to transfer the Philippines to any other power, it is best that the United States should assume the heavy responsibility involved which will serve to bring out the best qualities of the American Nation. England does not desire the Philippines; and, if she did, she would not take them, because she wishes to prove that her sympathy for the United States is quite disinterested."

The Spectator devotes another article to an eulogy of the "splendid and unexpected manner in which President McKinley has risen to the requirements of a high and difficult position."

"The President has developed latent talents, showing him the possessor of many of Lincoln's great qualities. It would be remarkable," the Spectator continues, "if for the second time, in a generation the American system, really an elective monarchy, proves a strong system of dealing with great crises. Europe may have been hasty in rejecting the very idea of an elective monarchy as fatal alike to stability and strength."

## Conditions in Havana.

St. Louis.—August Grupe, one of the foremost merchants of Cuba, who has lived in Havana for twenty-four years,



GERMAN GUNBOAT IRENE.

She attempted to protect Spaniards in Manila, but desisted when Dewey sent the Raleigh and Concord to investigate.

## ARMY FED BY NATIVES.

General Miles Reports to the Department at Washington.

Washington.—General Miles, in command of the Porto Rican expedition, sent the following dispatch to Secretary Alger:

"Ponce.—Secretary of War, Washington: Four telegrams received and answered by letters. The volunteers are surrendering themselves with arms and ammunition. Four-fifths of the people are overjoyed at the arrival of the army. Two thousand from one place have volunteered to serve with it. They are bringing in beef cattle and other bonded supplies. The custom-house has already yielded \$14,000. As soon as all the troops are disembarked they will be in readiness to move. Please send any additional colors that can be spared to be given to the different municipalities."

"I request that the question of tariff rate to be charged in the parts of Porto Rico occupied by our forces be submitted to the President for his action, the previously existing tariff remaining meanwhile in force. As to the government and military occupation, I have already given instructions based upon the instructions issued by the President in the case of the Philippines, and similar to those issued at Santiago de Cuba. "Miles," "Major-General Commanding."

## Expelled Du Bose From Canada.

London.—The Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain, replying in the House of Commons to a question of Gibson Bowles, Conservative member for Lynn Regis, said Senor du Bose, the former Spanish Charge d'Affaires at Washington, was formally requested by the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to leave Canada. This, Mr. Chamberlain adds, was done at the direction of the imperial Government, and on the ground that there was reason to believe that Senor du Bose was using Canada for the purpose of belligerent operations against the United States. Continuing, Mr. Chamberlain said that the authority to expel aliens from Canada in such cases rests with the crown.

Answering another question, Mr. Chamberlain said the Government could not undertake to lay on the table the papers having bearing on Du Bose's expulsion.

## HELD TO BLAME.

Evidence That the Steamer La Bourgogne's Speed Was Great.

### REPORT OF COURT OF INQUIRY.

In Addition the French Vessel Was Out of the Usual Course for the Atlantic Liners.

Halifax (Nova Scotia).—The decision of the court of inquiry given here exonerates Captain Henderson and the officers of the ship Cromartyshire from all blame in the matter of the Bourgogne disaster. The report was made by Captain William M. Smith of the British Royal Naval Reserve, with whom were associated in the investigation Captain Bloomfield Douglas, Royal Naval Reserve, and Captain Lewis Anderson, nautical assessor.

The report says that nothing can be absolutely and correctly known as to the rate of speed of the steamer, but from the sudden manner the steamer first came in sight upon the port bow of the sailing ship and her equally quick disappearance in the fog immediately after the disaster, as shown by the evidence, the court is forced to the conclusion that the steamer was proceeding at a very high rate of speed. Captain Smith in his report says: "It appears to me that La Bourgogne, as a mail steamship starting from New York, was not in the position at the time of the collision as indicated by the steam lines on the pilot chart of the North Atlantic. It also appears to me that it is highly desirable that the rules of following the steamer lines should be made more binding on all steamers navigating the Atlantic when plying between New York and European ports."

"Although in this inquiry I have not been called upon or empowered to make any investigation as to the conduct of the master and officers of La Bourgogne or as to the navigation of that ship, it is evident that, had the commander, Captain Deloncle, followed the rules laid down, the vessel could not have been in a position indicated by the disaster."

The report concludes with the recommendation that new line routes be established for past passenger steamers between American and European ports.

## LI HUNG CHANG.

He Is Ruling China Under the Empress Dowager.

London.—The Peking correspondent of the Standard says: The Empress Dowager openly relieved the Emperor of all real power. The Ministers take their instructions directly from her, and Li Hung Chang practically supercedes the Tsung-li Yamen.

It is rumored that Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister before the Tsung-li Yamen, accused Li Hung Chang of betraying China to Russia, and it is said that Li Hung Chang has threatened to demand the recall of Sir Claude Macdonald.

London.—Replying to questions on the subject of China, Mr. Curzon, Parliamentary Secretary for the Foreign Office, said Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister to China, had been instructed on July 22d to inform the Tsung-li Yamen that Great Britain would support China against any power permitting an act of aggression in China, "because China had granted a British subject permission to aid or build railroads or other public works."

In the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury, the Premier, discussed the Chinese question, replying to the Earl of Kimberley, the Liberal leader, who sharply attacked the Government for permitting the rivals of Great Britain to outmaneuver her in the matter of railway and other concessions.

Lord Salisbury declared that no British capitalists were attempting to build railways in China, and he certainly should not advocate the building or subsidizing of railways there by the British Government. He repeated the instructions given to Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister at Peking, which had been outlined in the House of Commons by Mr. Curzon, and added: "We are willing to repeat that and to stake all upon it."

## Mrs. Maybrick's Health Inquired Into.

London.—In the House of Commons, during the debate on the Home Office vote, Michael Davitt, member for South Mayo broached the question of the imprisonment of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, and represented that she was in ill health. Mr. Davitt said that to "release this American woman would be a small step in the direction of establishing good feeling between England and the United States."

Sir Matthew White Ridley, the Home Secretary replied that he thought the reports of ill health were exaggerated, but he promised to make inquiries.

## San Juan to Make a Hard Fight.

San Juan (Porto Rico).—Freeman Halsted is still a prisoner here. The soldiers of Spain are prepared to fight to the death and are confident that the Americans cannot take the city. Provisions are plentiful.

## Cuban Editor Squelched.

Santiago.—Among the passengers who arrived here on the steamer Philadelphia from New York is Senor Enrique Trujillo, editor of the Cuban newspaper El Porvenir, published for some time in New York. Upon the fall of Santiago, Senor Trujillo determined to publish his paper here, and accordingly brought a complete newspaper plant.

Trujillo applied to General Shafter for permission to publish his paper, and was somewhat surprised to receive a refusal. It is conjectured that Shafter believes the time not opportune for issuing a Cuban paper, which would be certain to rattle the feelings of the Spanish troops. Trujillo, however, has sent a cable message to Me Kinley, protesting against Shafter's action and asking the President to overrule Shafter's decision.

## Alleged Duties of Peace Commission.

Madrid.—The Liberal says that the Spanish-American Peace Commissioners are to meet in London, and that the points which will be discussed will be the disposition to be made of the Philippine Islands, the payment of the Cuban debt, the evacuation of Cuba and Porto Rico, and the ownership of the war material in the Antilles.

## Hawaii and Japan.

Yokohama.—It is reported here that Hawaii has agreed to pay Japan £40,000 in settlement of the dispute which arose out of the exclusion of Japanese emigrants from the Hawaiian islands.

## The Irish Home Rule Bill.

London.—The Irish local government bill has passed its third reading in the House of Lords with some unimportant amendments.

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**ETC., ETC., ETC.**

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# THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM  
Editor and Proprietor.

Licking stamps helps to lick Spain.

When that volunteer shot Blanco low in the leg, he may have thought his heart was in his boots.

The "worst town on earth" has been discovered in Italy, in which 2 per cent. of the deaths are murders.

All's fair in love and war. If a ship's of the female gender why shouldn't a man of war have a stout armor round her waist?

That new Spanish explosive is called toxypry, and about the only thing it can't shatter is general incredulity concerning it.

A fellow who shot off his thumb to escape going to war has turned up. The usual number continue to merely shoot off their mouths.

The Vesuvius acts like lightning in some ways. It didn't strike twice in the same spot; chiefly for the reason that the spot wasn't there.

The cable informs us that "Bjorne Bjornson, Bjornstjerne Bjornson's son, has been appointed director of a new theater at Christiania." Good bjoi!

The first troops were landed in Cuba to band music which announced that "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." That bandmaster evidently grasped the situation.

A Chicago woman has patented a hairbrush that carries with it a strong electric shock. Was it necessary thus to accentuate the terrors which this useful toilet article already possesses for the youthful evil doer?

An Oklahoma minister married twelve couples in sixty minutes the other day. Twelve knots an hour may not be able to hold a tallow dip to ocean greyhound speed, but it is pretty good time on the troubled matrimonial sea.

This is a talkative age, and we are a talkative people; but we get many reminders that quality outranks quantity. Ten men speak volubly in advocacy of a proposition; then one man, who knows more about the matter than all the ten, utters a few reasonable words in good temper, and carries the meeting with him. Fair-minded judges say, "The others had the weight of the discussion, but he had the weight of the argument." Moral: Be master of the subject, and you will be master of the audience.

"After-care" is a phrase which came into use at the last International Conference of Charities. It was used to express the need of following up with due attention a class of persons discharged as "cured" from the hospitals for the insane, but whose mental soundness is not firmly established, so that there is still danger of relapse. As a similar need exists in the case of many convalescents, reformed persons, discharged prisoners, religious converts and growing children, we are likely to find this phrase "after-care" very convenient as well as suggestive.

Nobody will wonder at the bitterness of Aguinaldo and his Philippine insurgents after reading the report made by Consul Williams regarding the Spanish methods of taxation in the Philippines. Secretary Gage, at President McKinley's request, has drawn up a tentative plan of taxation under American methods, and he calculates that under a just system the Philippines will pay an annual revenue of \$3,000,000. Place this side by side with the fact that Spain has wrung an annual revenue of \$20,000,000 from these islands, and there is no longer any cause to wonder at the fierceness of the present revolt. The wonder is, rather, that the natives did not rise up long ago en masse. The Spaniards have maintained one tax collector for every forty inhabitants. A poll tax of from \$3 to \$25 on every man, and from \$2.50 to \$14 on every woman, was assessed annually. Then everything inside and outside their huts was taxed. A man was taxed for permission to plant his crops, and he was taxed for the privilege of picking even the coconuts from the trees in his doorway.

Feminine fashion as an effective element in warfare is one of the unique issues that have come to the front in these history-making days. The women of Washington, it seems, have resolved themselves into a patriotic league for the purpose of inducing their fair fashionable friends all over the country not to buy French millinery. This bellicose boycott of the much-adored Parisian bonnet is intended as international retaliation, inasmuch as France assumed a friendly attitude toward Spain in the present unpleasantness. It will mean, say these self-sacrificing sisters, an annual loss of \$50,000,000 to French importers. But they—the women—love their country more than the coveted pieces of headgear, and so this odd undertaking of the fair patriots progresses with a long list of prestigious patronesses in the national capital. No matter how this return charge of the fair 400 may end, this is not the first time feminine headgear has played a part in history. Not only the big hat has been a vexation to the modern theater-goer and the inspirer of new municipal laws for its suppression, but as far back as 500 years ago it was a constant worry to the mandate-making sternger, sex. One conspicuous instance is the

royal decree of Louis XI., who excluded the monstrous hat of fair faddists from both church and court. Woman's headgear is, without doubt, a powerful piece of human ingenuity, and this not only in the movement, and this demonstration of the relative influence of the bonnet and the bullet, may commend itself to the liberty-loving ladies of the land.

It is now about five years since Lord Rowton, who was once Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary, undertook to demonstrate that judicious philanthropy "pays." He did it by opening Rowton House, a great hotel for the London homeless, in which a man can lodge at the cost of sixpence a day. Handsomely equipped and generously managed, the house returned 5 per cent. on the capital invested. The result warranted other houses. The third was opened a few weeks ago, and two more are building. In New York the same plan has been successfully applied of late by Mr. D. Ogden Mills. The Rowton Houses offer home comforts and something like club luxuries to the poor man who has known nothing better than the cheap lodging house and the saloon. His sleeping-room is all his own; he has a right to the kitchen, the bath-room and the library; he can smoke and talk, write or read. The price he pays is within his means, but the fact that he does pay preserves him from the feeling of pauperism. He is proud that he has a home in the house. We quote the London, rather than the New York, experience, for the reason that the Rowton Houses have had time to establish a record. Results show that the roughest men grew tame in decorous surroundings; and that the most hopeless gain courage from an environment of comfort. Naturally, the Rowton Houses have elevated the neighborhoods in which they are located. "Cheap lodgings" are not so dirty or so crowded as they once were. Saloons that used to be "the poor man's club"—as the apologetic phrase goes—attract fewer loungers. The street-corners are almost bare of idle and mischievous men. In short, two thousand persons directly, and many thousands indirectly, have been helped by the Rowton Houses to help themselves—and have willingly paid for the help. We commend the facts to the people who feel that the very poor are beyond relief; to others, who wish to know what may be the next step in common-sense philanthropy; above all, to persons who, when they invest money, like to consider not only the present personal interest, but the future general good.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat pays a glowing tribute to the American volunteers, but every word of its eulogy is deserved. "The military officers who have come from abroad to witness the operations of the army and navy," says the Globe-Democrat, "are more surprised by the volunteer system than by anything else they see." They wonder at the confidence that we repose in such a plan for raising armies. It contrasts very strikingly with the conscript system of continental Europe. In a few weeks our army of 27,000 men has been raised to a strength of 270,000. And all of these volunteers, not a man of them being in the service against his will. The foreign officer, the Globe-Democrat says, admits that "in numbers the volunteers are undeniably ample. But he doubts their value for speedy service. He calls them raw levies. The phrase in America has a meaning different from that attached to it in Europe. The American volunteer is a fighter effective after a very short training. A hundred years of history attest this fact." All that is true, and there is equal truth in much more that the Globe-Democrat says in praise of our volunteers and in noting their superiority over the European conscripts. The American volunteer can be transformed from farmer, mechanic, laborer, clerk, student, idler, or any other of the varied designations of classes or callings, into an effective fighter with comparatively little training. For this reason, among others, we do not need a large standing army. But some training is needed—is actually indispensable. The militia—or so much of it as would enable us to put an army of 100,000 to 200,000 of organized, armed, equipped, and disciplined men into the field—should receive the judicious and unremitting care of Congress. With such a reserve we may safely dispense with a large force of professional soldiers. The volunteers may always be relied upon to defend the honor of the flag, but if none of them are properly organized, armed, equipped, and disciplined when an emergency comes we shall have to repeat our very expensive experience and may have a still more costly lesson.

**Easter Bull Fights at Seville.**  
We are returning from the social function of the week; for, alas! even gay and lazy Seville has its social functions which must be borne with. It is the tabalado, or inspection of the black bulls which, with great pomp and ceremony and at the cost of a king's ransom, are to be killed to-morrow by the most celebrated matadors in the kingdom. While there is a great lack of money in Seville to buy bread, there is always enough money forthcoming, even from the pauper's treasury, to pay the way into the bull-ring; and every one in Seville who is a good Christian will attend the Easter bull fight, even if, as not seldom happens, he has to pawn his household gods and sacred images to do so.—Century.

**Working Dogs Are Exempt.**  
Dogs kept exclusively for guiding blind persons, or for tending sheep or cattle on a farm, or for shepherds, are exempt from taxation in Great Britain.

It's easy for the man who has no credit to keep out of debt.

## OURSUNDAY SERMONS

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.



**Children.**  
THANK God for children, living or dead; here or in heaven! A childless home is like a leafless tree; the summer winds make scant music through the boughs, and the summer sun ripens no fruit on the branch. A cradle is often a "Gate Beautiful" in life where the soul receives some of the most precious gifts of healing; a gate through which the heart often finds its way up to the throne of God and out into the mysteries of the eternal world. Most profitable instructors may our children be to us in many ways. Believe it, O parent, that when God sets a child in the midst of us he puts a looking-glass there to see ourselves in. Our faults or our vicissitudes often made to glare back terribly from the countenance and the conduct of those who sin our sins over again. Sharp schooling that, where the parent becomes the pupil! On the other hand, when I have seen a truly Christian pair looking with grateful joy on the child of their love as he came home with his prize from school, or as he stood up before the church to confess Jesus Christ in the fresh beauty of a youthful self-consecration, then I saw the mirror of childhood giving back the beautiful reflection of parental piety and grace. The early death of children has so often been turned to a glorious gain by the conversion of their parents; no trial is so often made a sanctified trial as that. The hand of a departed darling has led father or mother, or both of them, Christianward.—Rev. T. W. Cuyler, D. D.

**Ye that Seek Me.**  
Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,  
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;  
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,  
And joy's pure sunbeam trembles in thy gaze;  
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,  
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast;  
While yet thy hand, the ephemeral wreath is holding,  
Come and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,  
And thy free buoyancy of soul be down;  
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover  
To the embraces of the worm will have gone!  
Those who now love thee will have passed forever,  
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;  
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,  
As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,  
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;  
Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,  
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.  
Life is but shadows—save a promise given  
That lights the future with a fadeless ray;  
Come, touch the scepter—win a hope in heaven—  
And turn thy spirit from this world away.

Then will the shadows of this brief existence  
Seem airy nothings to thine accident  
And shadowed brightly in the forward distance,  
Will, of thy patient race, appear the goal;  
Home of the weary, where in glad repose,  
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,  
While o'er his dust the curtain'd grave is closing—  
Who would not early choose a lot like this?

—Willis Gaylord Clark.

**Only Believe.**  
I approached the clerk of a steamer and asked: "Can I engage a stateroom on this evening's boat?" "Yes," was the answer. I turned and looked at the diagram or "plan" of the steamer's saloon and, selecting a certain room, asked that particular room be set down to my name. "I cannot promise you any one particular room at present, sir," replied the clerk; "our returns are not all in from the hotels, and I know not yet what numbers have been taken. But I will take your name and secure a good room for you." Feeling doubtful of the slim prospect, it being the season of midsummer and the traveling heavy by this route, I ventured to suggest: "Perhaps it may be that all the rooms are taken up, sir; how, then, shall I know that I shall have a room?" The gentlemanly clerk looked up into my eyes, and with a friendly, firm voice, replied: "Because I tell you so." I could only answer: "Your word is sufficient, sir; excuse me for doubting you."

As I walked away and through the crowded streets, I repeated several times within myself, "I have the stateroom; his promise is given to me; his honor requires he should fulfill it." When, an hour before the boat started, in the evening, I returned the clerk at once recognized me and, pointing to a

certain number on the diagram, observed: "I have retained that room for you; it is among the best." And I had all day cheerfully "believed that it would be even as it was told me." (Acts 27: 25.) It is unnecessary to add even a word to apply this simple incident to God and his promise, or to man in his duty to believe him. It applies itself. If the promise of a man is to be taken at par, the word of God is greater and cannot fail. The "word of the Lord" is come unto us in those exceeding great and precious promises, and shall we not joyfully trust in them? And this is Christ's wonderful check, signed with his name, handed over to us to be filled up: "I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."—Rev. W. H. Boole.

**The Way to Prison.**  
As the heavy prison bolts turned on the minister, he looked sadly on the prisoners in their strange garments, and thought with more and more anxiety of his errand. He had come to see a young man of his congregation who had been convicted of forgery. The heart-broken parents had begged him to visit the prison, hoping the peace of the gospel might reach him, even in his gloomy cell.

As the minister kindly greeted him, the youth scarcely replied, but gazed with a sort of defiance. He began giving the mother's tender message, with all the interest the church felt in his welfare. At last the prisoner broke out:

"Do you know that you caused this?"

"What have I done?" replied the pastor, striving to understand his language.

"I began the business in your Sunday school. Don't you remember the Sunday school fair, when they first set up the raffling, and hid a gold ring in a loaf of cake? Just for twenty-five cents, too, I got a whole box of little books. I was pleased with my luck, and I went in afterward for chances. Sometimes I lost, sometimes I gained. Money I must have for lotteries. I was half mad with excitement; so I used other folks' names and here I am. Don't let the church come blubbing around me. They may thank themselves. Their raffling was what did it. It ruined me."—Ram's Horn.

**Dr. Frank Crane's Epigram.**

The gospel is of a person not a plan.

The atonement was not to save us from the penalty of sin, but from sin itself.

God was in Christ; the atonement is the divine self-sacrifice.

The only way to save men is by self-sacrifice, and in Christ God set us an example.

We are not to be Christians, believing about Christ—we are to be very Christ, living and dying for men.

Christ's value to us is simply as he reveals to us the character of God.

The only way to take away my sin is to take away me; to kill sin in me is to kill me; this God does, for if any man be in Christ he is a new creature, the old man is dead, he has put on the new man—that is, God's influence as Christ upon us endows us with a new consciousness.

The sin against the Holy Ghost is the rejection of the present influence of God—"that no forgiveness," not because that it is an arbitrary "capital crime," but because it is refusing entrance to the only influence that can save us.

**Curiosities of the Bible.**

The following Bible curiosities are said to have been gained by a study of the good book by the Prince of Granada, heir apparent to the Spanish throne, during his thirty-three years' imprisonment at the Place of Skulls prison, Madrid:

"In the Bible the word Lord is found 1,853 times; the word Jehovah 6,835 times, and the word reverence but once, and that in the ninth verse of the 11th Psalm. The eighth verse of the 118th Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther is the longest verse. The thirty-first verse, eleventh chapter of St. John is the shortest. In the 107th Psalm four verses are alike, the eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. No names of words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. The thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah and the nineteenth chapter of 11 Kings are alike. The word girl occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the third verse and third chapter of Joel; and the word boy but once, Zach. 8: 3. There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586,483 letters and 773,693 words.—Presbyterian Review.

**For Jesus' Sake.**

One of the first steps toward helping people spiritually is becoming acquainted with them. Just as a man needing a certain line of goods naturally turns first to the brand which he has seen oftentimes advertised, so people in need of spiritual counsel will think first of their Christian acquaintances whose attitude is most open to inviting them. We may not see at a moment how a nod, a smile, a pleasant greeting, or a few moments' chat with those who would otherwise be strangers, can help Christ's cause; but these repeated expressions of good-will are so many advertisements of the source whence spiritual help may be obtained, and the time is sure to come, sooner or later, when the cultivation of acquaintance will prove a means of leading to Christ.

**Simplicity.**  
There is a grandeur in simplicity which is all its own. The plainest language is the most effective. The noblest acts seem at this time the simplest. True greatness is like the mountain that does not impress you with its massive ruggedness until you gaze back at it from the far-distant valley.

## BEGAN AS A CHORE BOY.

Sampson's Rise from Woodchopper to Rear Admiral.

Admiral Sampson is a man of the people. Neither wealth nor birth has helped him win his oak leaf and anchor shoulder straps. Brains alone were his heritage. His father was a farmer, a day laborer, who earned a living in a rural community by doing a day's work here and another there, splitting wood for one man, plowing



REAR ADMIRAL W. T. SAMPSON.

for another and helping out in haying time for a third. Such are the possibilities of the republic.

Although a graduate of the academy at Annapolis William T. Sampson practically "came into the navy through the hawsepipe," as the sailors have it. Sons of farm-hands are not commonly appointed naval cadets, even in this democratic country. As his father was a farmer, so young Sampson was a chore boy. He "worked out" too. He split wood, raked hay and dug potatoes at so much per day, and it wasn't so very much either.

But William Sampson was no ordinary chore boy. He liked books, and he studied hard, not because he had to, but because he wanted to. Even in a little village a boy who shows merit is bound to be appreciated. Young Sampson was. The local dignitary, "Squire" Southwick of Palmyra, N. Y., where Sampson was born, took an interest in him, and when the "Squire's" friend, E. B. Morgan, was elected to Congress Southwick used his influence to have "that Billy Sampson" appointed to the Naval academy. He must have felt somewhat ill at ease among so many young aristocrats, but if he did he let no one know it.

It was in 1857 that he went to Annapolis, so when he graduated at the head of his class four years later he found the times ripe for his services. Without reviewing his naval career it is of interest right here to mention an incident which happened to him early in the civil war.

He was a lieutenant and executive officer on the gunboat Patapsco, which was part of the blockading squadron off Charleston. One day the war department decided that Charleston must be taken. The Confederates had sowed the harbor thick with mines and torpedoes, so Lieutenant Sampson was ordered to take the Patapsco in and clear them out. It meant almost certain destruction, but some one had to do it. In under the belching guns of the forts steamed the gunboat.

It was a spectacular progress. Every fort yelled a murderous welcome. Steadily the little ship moved on her business. The heights were lined with sharpshooters, and soon they began to sweep her decks with bullets that came in whistling sheets like rain in a sudden storm. Sampson ordered the marines and sailors below to lie behind the iron protection, but himself kept his position on the bridge all alone.

Then the firing ceased with startling suddenness. The next instant the iron-clad went up into the air, rent into fragments by a giant torpedo. Lieutenant Sampson was blown into the air and fell into the water 100 feet away. Twenty-five of his crew were struggling near him. The rest, more



WHERE SAMPSON WAS BORN.

than seventy, had been torn to pieces. The floating men were picked up, Sampson among them. He was ready for duty next day, as serene as if a flight on a hoisted ship were only a holiday experience. He was made a lieutenant commander the next year. A keen, shrewd man is Sampson, a man who knows every branch of naval theory and practice as few know it. He is never impulsive, never hurried, never at a loss. He is almost a recluse. You hear no anecdotes about Sampson, no funny stories or witty replies of his. In all this country there is only one place where they speak of him as "Billy" Sampson, and that place is "up in Wayne County," the section of New York State in which he was born. He is a man of one idea, and that idea is the navy of the United States. His whole life is his profession.

**Kaiser Wilhelm's Aim in Life.**

Pontney Bigelow contributes to the Century an article on "Ten Years of Kaiser Wilhelm." Mr. Bigelow says: I have known few men so free from brag

or hypocrisy as was this German prince when he ascended the imperial throne. On the Christmas immediately preceding the death of his father he wrote a letter to a friend three thousand miles away. I have no right to make this letter public, but shall be forgiven for this much: the writer dwelt earnestly upon the year that was closing, and particularly referred to the problems of the future, little dreaming that he was the one who would be called upon to assist in their solution. In this letter he confessed that the ambition of his life was to improve the condition of the working people, to reconcile the rasing conflict between those who have and those who have not, and, above all, to make the Christian religion a real thing. He went on jokingly to lament that some of our American millionaires did not see fit to leave him legacies for this purpose; for he was, he said, always hampered for want of necessary funds.

## FIRES THE DYNAMITE GUNS.

Lieut. John Gardner Quinby, Ordnance Officer of the Vesuvius.

Lieut. John Gardner Quinby, who fired the dynamite guns on the Vesuvius at the recent bombardment of one of the forts at Santiago, is the senior lieutenant and ordnance officer of the dynamite cruiser. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1860, and is a son of Brig. Gen. J. F. Quinby, who was a classmate of Gen. U. S. Grant at West Point. Lieut. Quinby was appointed to Annapolis by President Grant in 1874, and was graduated third in his class. He was the youngest member of the class, being only 14 years old when appointed. After leaving Annapolis he was assigned to the Richmond as an ensign, and served on her when she carried Gen. Grant on his trip around the world. He next served on the Lancaster, and from 1885 to 1887 was instructor in applied mathematics at Annapolis. His next service was on



LIEUT. JOHN GARDNER QUINBY.

a cruise as junior lieutenant on the schooner Jamestown, and then he was detailed to the receiving ship Franklin, at the Norfolk navy yard. For three years succeeding this he was in charge of the Government hydrographic office at Norfolk, after which he took a course of study in high explosives at the Naval War College at Newport. He is recognized as a torpedo expert and was assigned to the Vesuvius on account of his expert knowledge of the handling of high explosives.

## ANCIENT REMEDIES.

Alchemy and Superstition Proposed Some Ridiculous Compounds.

It is strange to notice the great belief which the ancients appeared to have in the restorative properties of human blood. So, for epilepsy, diseases of the brain, and even for spleen, human blood was much recommended. "In the month of May take a considerable quantity of healthy young men's blood." The blood was distilled twice and dried in the sun. One wonders what the "healthy young men" had to say on this subject of blood-letting, especially as "a considerable quantity" was taken. In olden times no one need remain wrinkled. All that was necessary was to "smear the face with a mixture of water and the pounded root of wild cucumber." If any one was afflicted with freckles it was his own fault; the remedy was simple if scarcely pleasant; he must "rub a bull's gall on the face." To us who are apt to be irritated by dust or smoke in the eye while on the railway the following prescription should be valuable: "Obtain the psalm 'Qui habitat' thrice over water, with which then douche the eye." A certain remedy for curing an inebriate was to give him as many eggs of the screech owl boiled hard as he could possibly eat, when he would ever after be a total abstainer. This is surely worthy the attention of the temperance societies. The search for "the philosopher's stone" seems to have been no mere craze of the unlettered. Men of unimpeachable ability and great learning wasted the greater part of their lives on this quest. Some supposed mercury to be the chief transmuting force; others thought that by sulphur the bodies of metals could be turned into "the most fine pure gold and silver." Though Bacon was a firm believer in the elixir vitae, Paracelsus was the most diligent inquirer after this wondrous liquid. He prepared a remedy called "Primum Elix Melissae," which was made of pure carbonate of potash and the fresh leaves of the melissa plant, on which was poured pure alcohol. Generally, however, the idea seems to have been that the elixir of life was composed of the four elements blended together.—London Spectator.

## The Bogs of Ireland.

About one-seventh of the total area of Ireland is bog land. The Bog of Allen alone covers nearly 250,000 acres.

Impassioned Lover—Tell me, my angel, what to do to prove my love; oh, that I might, like some knight of old, battle for you, suffer for you, die for you. Sweet Girl—I wish you would give up smoking. Impassioned Lover—Oh, come now, that's asking too much.—New York Weekly.



## WHAT WILL BECOME OF CHINA?

None can foresee the outcome of the quarrel between foreign powers over the division of China. It is interesting to watch the coming of pieces of this ancient but unprogressive land. Many people in America are also going to pieces because of dyspepsia, constipation, blood, liver and stomach diseases. We are living too fast, but strength, vigor and good health can be retained if we keep off and use the above diseases with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

"Yess," said Mr. Hained to the summer boarder. "We had one of them bug hunters at the farm last summer. I think he's what they call an insectarian."

**TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.**

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonials of cures. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A gentle hint.—She—I wish all men were like Admiral Dewey! He—in what way? She—like believes in short engagements!

**HOW'S THIS?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WALKER & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KINNAS & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**FITS** Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1886.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

**When Hot**

Don't sweat and fret, but keep cool and take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is good advice, as you will find if you follow it. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a first-class summer medicine, because it is so good for the stomach, so cooling to the blood, so helpful to the whole body. Make no mistake, but get only

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

America's Greatest Medicine.

**Hood's Pills** cure Liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate.

**WILL & FINCK CO'S.**

SPRING EYE BRAIN RAG NEEDLE.

Plain or with Cutter. The Best Needle in the Market. Used by all sack sewers. For sale by all general store, stores or by

Will & Finck Co., 920 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

**LOST,**

The opportunity of saving MONEY, if you do not buy from us. We positively guarantee to give you a DISCOUNT of 10 to 25 per cent from any Price List, issued by any Pacific Coast Cash or Department Store. We can sell you everything you need, write for full particulars.

GILBERT CLEMENTS' SONS,

215 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco, Cal.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in General Supplies.

**CURE YOURSELF!**

Two big boxes of mineral discharge, inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Painful, and not acting.

THEWING CHEMICAL CO.,

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

Scalped by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 2 bottles \$2.00. Circular sent on request.

**This Paper is**

printed with Nathan's

News Ink.

**The Prophet Lost.**

"Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day." The prophet put on a menacing look as he spoke the grim words.

"Out and upon thee," quoth Lochiel. "Why should I listen to the sorry ravings of a dotard churl?"

"But I am a seer."

"And I am an overseer," said Lochiel, and he beat him forthwith four sad alaps on the wrist.—Buffalo Enquirer.

**Self Deception.**

If we could see ourselves as others see us, most of us wouldn't believe our eyes.—Somerville Journal.

Contrary to a widespread belief that hard woods give more heat in burning than soft varieties, it has been shown that the greatest power is possessed by the wood of the linden tree, which is very soft. Fir stands next to linden and almost equal to it.

In proportion to its size, a fly walks 8 times as fast as a man can run.

## A SELFISH SHAH.

The High Prices of Persian Lamb Capes Accounted For.

The shah of Persia may be only in the 2:30 class in matters of diplomacy and he does not dare exactly to slap Queen Victoria or Kaiser Wilhelm on the back when the potentates chance to meet, but so far as matters in Persia are concerned, when the shah makes a law it is generally enforced to the letter.

A case in point may be cited in the matter of Persian lambskin. Persian lambskins are and have long been an article of staple demand in the commercial world. They have commanded such good prices that the supply was hardly equal to the demand. Consequently, when the shah one day ordered spring lamb with mint sauce, the cook was obliged to confess that the dish was beyond the command of the Persian treasury. Of course the cook was promptly beheaded, but the shah could not find another cook who would agree to furnish spring lamb whenever his majesty desired to indulge in that delicacy.

This naturally irritated the shah. After consulting with three or four of his most trusted advisers, who could see no way out of the difficulty and who consequently disappeared from their homes and society in a mysterious manner, the shah finally decided that the commerce of Persia was threatened by the extinction of Persian sheep and Persian lambs. Consequently he made a decree that any person found with lambskins in his possession for purposes of trade or commerce would be fined heavily. Since then the export trade in Persian lambskins has stopped with a blunt and nauseating jar.—Boston Advertiser.

**Living on the Limits.**

"Nine-tenths of our surroundings are superfluous," said the observant man. "The government feeds its soldiers and sailors on 30 cents a day. Just think of that! As for household goods, let me tell you. There is a man who does odd jobs around our house, and the other day he informed my wife that he was going to move and gave her his new address."

"About 8 o'clock I was strolling along the street when I met my man and his wife and their 14-year-old boy. The man had a clock under his right arm, a picture in his left hand and a roll of bedclothing strapped on his back. His wife carried a large basket filled with crockery and a small roll of carpet. The boy brought up the rear with two chairs and a dishpan. Hoisted on the corner, and presently they came along with more chairs, a collection of pots and pans, and the man carried a table on his head. The third load comprised another basket, probably containing kitchen utensils, more chairs, broom, oil can, baby's chair and a bag of flour. The man told my wife that he had to borrow a pushcart to move his stove and bedstead."

"Now, just think of that! One hundred dollars would certainly cover the cost of that outfit, and three people lived on it. Doesn't it make you realize the hollowness of life?"—Philadelphia Press.

**A Dry Salt Bath.**

A dry salt bath is said to tone up the general system and renovate the complexion as if by magic. "I never had anything do me so much good," says a woman who has tried it this spring. "When my fancy began to turn seriously to that tired feeling with budding trees and buzzing bees, which it does every year as surely as the youth's does to love, my physician advised me to give tonics the go by and to try instead dry salt baths. I nearly filled a large earthen jar with the coarsest salt I could get and added enough water to this to make a sort of thick salt paste, but not enough to dissolve the mineral. Every morning when I got up I take this up in handfuls and rub it briskly over my body. Next I jump into a tub of clear, cold water and take a thorough dousing, but in a great hurry. This being done, I take a brisk rub down with a Turkish towel. The effect is delicious. It gives one a sense of exhilaration. But the best part of the dry salt bath is not the feeling of freshness and renewed life that it imparts, but the soft, satiny texture of the skin."—Exchange.

**Where They Are Mated by Lottery.**

It was a cynic who said that marriage is a lottery, but in the province of Smolensk, in Russia, this aphorism has been reduced to a quarterly fact, for four times a year there is held the most remarkable lottery ever devised.

A charge of a ruble is made for a ticket, only one prize is to be drawn, and it consists of the entire sum yielded by the sale of the tickets, amounting to 5,000 rubles. The lucky winner of the prize is bound to marry a certain damsel if he takes the 5,000 rubles. Should he be married he is at liberty to turn over the money and the lady to any friend whom he may wish to put in for such a good thing. Should the lady, however, refuse to marry the winner they are allowed to divide the rubles between them.

## OUR STORED UP POWER.

Mr. Staybolt Considers Man as Built Upon a Compartment Plan.

"Man is, as one might say," said Mr. Staybolt, "built in series of compartments, though he may not know this fact at the outset, and he may indeed go through life and die without knowing it, taking with him unused stocks of ability and strength that he had never known he possessed, simply because they were never brought into play. As to what will bring their qualities into play men differ. There are some few men who command themselves, and some who open at a touch, and then there are many who respond only to the most urgent call. But there are few men who cannot in some way be moved to action."

"This brings me, for illustration, to a brief consideration of the personal quality commonly denominated as sand, of which, I imagine, most of us possess far more than we suspect, for there are few men who finally run away—mightily few who will not stand up and fight when they feel that they are really called upon. But our sand is in compartments, and most of us, I fancy, open only one and make that last through life, and we die without knowing how brave we are unless some great occasion, independent of ourselves, opens another compartment and shows us what we really have in reserve. I might add that there are few if any revelations that come to us in life that give us greater pleasure or more enlarge our horizon."

"The moral of all this is that in our good qualities we should trust ourselves without hesitation. There are qualities, which will easily suggest themselves, which it would be better to leave unused, better for ourselves and for everybody else if the compartments containing them were never opened, but as to such qualities as pluck, endurance, energy, capacity and moral strength we should call upon ourselves freely. We should not take down with us, as otherwise we are almost certain to do, stores of these valuable qualities untouched, but rather we should draw upon them now and constantly and confidently, and so doing we shall be gratified with our constant growth in strength and more than gratified with the attending substantial rewards."—New York Sun.

**A Long One.**

A man well known in State street circles found himself in front of what he supposed was his Back Bay residence late one evening recently. He had a great many dollars' worth of wine under his waistcoat and could not gain entrance through the medium of his latchkey. Becoming enraged, in a drunken fashion, he kicked the door, broke the glass and used language that is unfit for publication. Finally the door was opened, and the owner of the house, who is athletic and irascible, proceeded to kick the State street financier into the middle of the street.

"Wazzer you—hie—mean—hie?" inquired the assaulted party indignantly as he sat upon the curbstone and held his throbbing brow with both hands. "And what do you mean by trying to break into my house?" inquired the other man.

"You—hie—house!" exclaimed the State street man in bewilderment. "How—hie—long—hash you lived—hie—here?"

"For four years," was the answer. "Holy smoke—hie!" exclaimed the financier. "Have I—hie—been drunk—hie—as long as that?"—Boston Traveler.

**A Shrewd Surmise.**

The professor, who by the way was of Irish extraction, was presiding over the class in English literature.

"What are the meaning and derivation of the word 'impediment'?"

"Impediment" from the Latin 'pedes,' meaning 'feet,' is something in the way; literally 'in the way of the feet.'"

"Very well. Some one give me a sentence using the word correctly."

"He had an impediment in his speech."

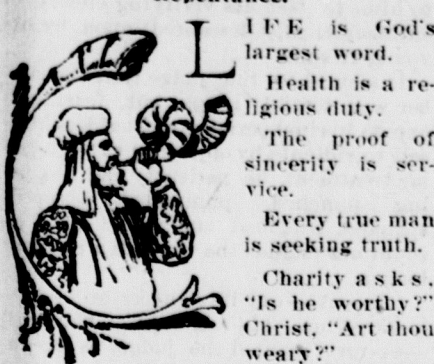
"That," quickly retorted the professor, with the flash on his face which always heralded his wit, "must have been the man who never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it."—Pearson's Weekly.

**A Dutch Ironclad.**

It is of interest to note that according to some authorities the Dutch were the first in the modern period of history to build an ironclad and that during the siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1585 the people of that city built an enormous flat bottomed vessel, armored it with heavy iron plates and thus constructed what they regarded as an impregnable battery. This they named Finis Belli. Unfortunately the vessel got aground before coming into action and fell into the hands of the enemy. It was held by Alexander of Parma to the end of the siege as a curiosity, but was never employed by either side in any action.—Cassier's Magazine.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



He is strong who never does wrong.

Half the troubles of life are imaginary.

Wounded pride uses dignity for a salve.

What will the fault-finding Christian do in heaven?

When you let go the good work, the devil takes hold.

The ascent of man comes through the descent of Christ.

Don't judge Christianity by the mistakes of its friends.

Cheerfulness brightens the gift and beautifies the giver.

The brother's blood stains the entrance to every saloon.

You can't afford to take any chances with God and eternity.

Don't sow your own opinions for the wheat seed of the gospel.

God's law for your soul is as unvarying as His law for the sun.

The pure in heart see God because they keep their eyes clean.

When He said, "Follow Me," He meant all the way to glory.

Falling on your knees is one way to prevent falling from grace.

Judas Iscariot hangs out a red light to every man who has money.

Every man you see on the street has a soul for either heaven or hell.

Habits make ruts either for God's chariots or for the devil's wagons.

When Christ shines, others are not seen, like the stars in the daytime.

The poorest possible use for a man's brains is to think forever about himself.

It is just as much a sin to indulge your eyes in intoxicating pictures as to indulge your throat in whisky.

There is no worse fate possible for a man in this life than to be compelled to live with a self that he does not respect.

There is that in a man which leads him to crave notice from his fellows, even if it be only the compliment of an obituary notice.

No man is the sole architect of his own fortune. Even a prophet Noah must have his carpenters to help him in his ship-building. Even a Solomon must hire help of Hiram.

In most lives the centripetal forces abound over the centrifugal. Thought and feeling revolve slavishly about the self-center, instead of generously tending off on lines of sacrificing service.

Some people forget that they are bidden to love the Lord with all their mind. They are willing that their hearts should be converted, but not their wits. But God demands the whole man.

**England's Ancient Wheat Fields.**

"The wheat fields of England are the oldest national industries in the country," says a recent English writer. "A wheat field a thousand years old is quite a common sight in this country. Of course it has not grown a crop of corn every year in the ten centuries, but during that long sequence of ages, in the fixed and abiding order of this ancient country, that particular area of land has been cultivated, with the production of wheat as its main object, and it has remained as part of the English granary from the days of Edward the Confessor until those of Victoria. Many of the wheat fields are far more ancient than this, but the record of Domesday Book is a practical voucher for a period of 1,000 years. The custom of the Saxon cultivators, and the evidence of local names are proof of a still greater antiquity of cultivation on some of the best corn land; and beyond the days of the Saxons lie the last two centuries of Roman occupation, when England was the great wheat growing country of the west, and supplied the population of Rome with daily bread. Perhaps the most interesting feature of our ancestral corn lands is the small degree in which their appearance can have changed in course of ten or twelve centuries. Their area is much greater than in the old times, when villages were separated by wide woodlands, and only grouped and contiguous in naturally open country. The early Saxon times were not days in which men cared to lay field to field. There was plenty of ground available, and of this the villagers cultivated and sowed with corn as much as they needed for their year's supply."

**As He Understood It.**

"Benny," said the Sunday school teacher, "what is your idea of a hypocrite?"

"A feller what pretends to think that another feller's bike is better than his," replied Benny Bloomer.—Judge.

**A German Pen.**

A pen carrying a small electric lamp to prevent shadows when writing has been patented in Germany.

A girl's features may be stamped on a young man's heart, but it's always her complexion that looms up on his coat collar.

Some actors find the glare of the headlights more annoying than that of the footlights.

## The Supreme Tenor.

Louis Gallet, a French musician, presented himself at the director's room at the Grand Opera in Paris one evening during the administration of Eugene Ritt. The latter was a great stickler for the dignity of the place and remarked as the visitor took off his topcoat that he was not in evening dress.

"Yes, my dear director," returned Gallet, "I am come just as I was. So very much pressed. However, I have not had to cross the theater."

"Ah," Ritt sighed, "but on the stage of the Opera one ought always to be in evening dress."

"Nevertheless," Gallet answered lightly, "I just now saw Jean de Reszke very stylish, no doubt, but in a frock coat—a frock coat!"

"Yes, yes, no doubt, but—but—he is a tenor!"—Exchange.

**Equally Guilty.**

That quick wit is not confined to cities was proved one day by a young woman who was rambling alone one of the Long Island roads. She was dressed smartly, she thought, and when she met a small, bare legged urchin carrying a bird's nest with eggs in it she did not hesitate to stop him.

"You are a wicked boy," she said. "How could you rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she don't care," replied the urchin, edging away, "she's up in your hat!"—Exchange.

**Man Is Wiser.**

Gerrymen (at the mirror)—Pay a monkey before a looking glass, they say, and he will look behind it.

Miss Sharpe.—But a man knows better. He knows he won't find anything funnier there than the face he sees before him.—Boston Transcript.

**HAVE YOU A SON, BROTHER,**

Husband or Lover in the Army or Navy? Mail him to-day a 25c. package of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. All who march, walk or stand need it. It cures aching, tired, sore, swollen, sweating feet, and makes hot, tight or new shoes easy.

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She puts it off as long as she dare, and is only driven to it by fear of cancer, polypus, or some dreadful ill.

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This condition of the mind destroys the effect of advice; and she grows worse rather than better.

In consulting Mrs. Pinkham no hesitation need be felt, the story is told to a woman and is wholly confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., she offers sick women her advice without charge.

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The above letter from Mrs. Foreman is only one of thousands.

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SATURDAY AUGUST 6.



The Maine is well remembered.

Spain won't blow up any more battleships in a hurry, unless they be her own.

Get your names on the Great Register before August 15th if you want to make sure of your right to vote in November.

The Republican County Central Committee meets today, at Redwood City, and its meeting means the beginning of the political campaign of 1898 in San Mateo County.

The Army and Navy of the United States have astonished the powers of Europe by their brilliant fighting qualities in the present war with Spain, and now we are about to add to their amazement by a sample of American generosity to a vanquished foe.

There has been a large accession of new voters in this township during the past year, and it will be necessary for these new citizens to have their names placed upon the Great Register of this county to enable them to vote at the general election in November next. But a short time is left for doing this. In order to make sure of the right to vote the new citizen should register before August 15th.

The Coast Advocate pays the following handsome and deserved compliment to Sheriff Joe Mansfield:

"We have had occasion, within a few weeks to look up some shrivelly records of the different counties in California, and one incidental result of that labor is the firm conviction that Mansfield's record of the past year in this county is the best made in the State.

"It would be an immense gain for the commonwealth if every county had such a fearless and conscientious sheriff as this county has. The Coast Advocate is opposed to Mr. Mansfield politically; but the Coast Advocate can admire and applaud faithfulness and zeal in a public servant, without regard to politics.

"If the Republican nominee in the coming campaign is to beat Mr. Mansfield, whom we presume the Democrats will certainly re-nominate, that candidate must be the very ablest and strongest man possible to find.

"Mr. Mansfield's record is absolutely unassailable. We say frankly that it is worthy of all admiration and we regret only that so much fidelity, zeal and incorruptibility is not ornamented and illuminated by the light of the true political faith."

## DANGER IN TIN CANS.

Open a can of peaches, apricots, cherries or other fruit—for all fruit is acidulous—let it stand for some time, and the fruit acid and the tin are ready to do the work of poisoning. A chemical knowledge that tells just how the dangerous compound is created is unnecessary to an avoidance of the danger. The rule to follow is never to make lemonade or other acidulated drinks in a tin bucket, nor allow them to stand in a bucket of tin; and, in case of canned fruit or fish, immediately upon opening the can, turn the contents out upon an earthenware plate or into a dish made of earthenware or glass.

Fruits in hermetically sealed cans, if properly prepared, generate no poison. As soon as opened the action with the acid in the tin, with the aid of the atmosphere, begins and in a short time the result is deadly poison. This brief statement of the question should be remembered by everyone, and its instruction followed. The general press should also aid in disseminating this simple knowledge.—Popular Science News.

## BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

# FIERCE NAVAL FIGHT

THE WYOMING'S HEROIC BATTLE WITH THE JAPANESE.

Against Overwhelming Odds the American Commander McDugall Fought One of the Most Daring and Successful Engagements in the History of Marine Warfare.

Strange as it may seem, the Wyoming's oriental battle is an almost unrecorded chapter of our naval annals, though it ranks even higher in point of daring and success against overwhelming odds than the defeat of the Alabama by the Wyoming's sister ship, the Kearsarge. But the Wyoming never was in very great luck as a naval star. She had her part throughout the civil war in all the hardest of blockading and cruising service, and fought well whenever she had the chance, but she did not have the luck of getting into the papers. She was sent off at the same time as the Kearsarge to cruise for that scourge of the seas, the Alabama, and just missed her by the merest chance on two occasions in the China seas.

It was in 1863, toward the end of the dual reign of the tycoon and the mikado, when Japan was in the throes of civil war, and the forces of the rebel princes were resisting to the last the passing of the old feudal system. The Prince of Nagato was one of these, and from his tiny kingdom that fronted on the straits of Simunoseki he declared himself lord paramount of everything in sight, including the neighboring seas, from which he took generous toll as did ever the pirate chiefs of Tarifa. He had laid violent hands and hot shot upon the vessels of various powers, including Great Britain, France, the Netherlands and the United States.

Meantime Prince Nagato throve and flourished by the strait of Simunoseki, and failing one day to wring tribute or blackmail by any other means he fired on the American merchantman Pembroke and killed a couple of her crew. There was another diplomatic protest of the combined foreign representatives to the Japanese government, and Commander McDugall, who happened to be in port with the Wyoming, suggested that if the mikado could not take a fall out of his rebellious subject the Wyoming could and would without much urging. This struck the government as a good thing and an easy way out of the international difficulty, so McDugall was given carte blanche to settle accounts with the Prince of Nagato in behalf of all the powers concerned, and he forthwith sailed away.

It was the middle of July when the Wyoming found herself in the strait of Simunoseki and in sight of the shore batteries which were a part of the prince's defenses to seaward. Before she had time to open on the batteries two Japanese gunboats loomed up, one ahead and one astern, in the narrow strait, and presently a third came cruising out from among the neighboring islands. It was a nasty place for a fight, McDugall being without charts or pilots, and the odds were more than enough for Nelson himself, being 48 guns of the three Japanese vessels to the 26 of the old Wyoming, to say nothing of the batteries on shore. There was still a chance to run, barring some danger of grounding in the narrow channels among the islands, but the idea does not seem to have occurred to any one aboard the frigate.

Working to windward of the nearest Japanese, the Wyoming opened at long range and worked down on her till, when close aboard, there was nothing of the enemy left standing above decks. The other two vessels had come up in the meantime and engaged the American on either side, but she lay to and gave them shot for shot, port and starboard, till her gunners were smoke blind and the flame of the guns no longer served to light the battlecloud that rolled in white billows over the smooth waters of the strait. It was desperate work in the shallow water, but the Wyoming was the best vessel, and she outmaneuvered her two opponents from start to finish, though twice aground and once afire, with as many men knocked out from splinters and heat as from the enemy's shot.

Fighting themselves out of one smoke patch into another, the three combatants circled around like two crows and a kingbird till they had drifted down in range of the shore batteries, which gayly took a hand in the game. But McDugall ran across the bows of one of his enemies, raked her as he went and left her a floating wreck, and then turned his attention to the batteries. The Wyoming's men rigged the smith's forge on deck and tossed hot shot into the works ashore till they set them afire and the soldiers fled, and the other Japs on the remaining cruiser, deciding enough was as good as a feast, followed their example.

So McDugall mended his rigging and patched his bulwarks, and meanwhile sent word to the recalcitrant prince to come down and settle or he would sail inland and shell the royal palace about its royal owner's ears.

The prince, who was no less discreet than Colonel Crockett's coon, came down promptly, and of the resulting indemnity \$300,000 fell to the lot of the United States. It was many years before this money got into the treasury of the United States, but meantime the state department had charge of it and had invested it so well that there was a very little short of \$2,000,000 finally turned over to the government, which, after all, was pretty good pay for one day's fighting, with a loss of only five killed and six wounded.—Washington Post.

## Misunderstood.

Doctor—I just met your wife. That medicine I sent her by you seems to have benefited her greatly.

Dumley—Sent her? Why, doctor, I thought you said that was for me, and I was in the hospital a week after I took it.—Richmond Dispatch.

## Sweet Revenge.

The judge had never taken a Turkish bath, but he was not feeling his best that morning, and it suddenly occurred to him to test its vivifying effects, so enthusiastically descended upon his young friends.

It seemed to the judge that the rubber was terribly rough, but, fearing to expose his inexperience and subject himself to ridicule by objecting to the regular treatment, he patiently endured being punched, pummeled, slapped, spanked, whacked and poked until he could not stand the torture a moment longer.

"Is—it—qui—ite—neces—sary—to—make—me—bla—ack—and—blue—all—over?" panted the judge, as irregularly as the rubber dug his fists in more or less vigorously.

"Never you mind; I'm fixin you," responded the rubber, redoubling his assaults and grinning diabolically—at least so it seemed to the judge.

"Who (slap, groan) are (thud, groan) you?" gasped the judge, a horrible suspicion dawning in his mind. "Your (whack, groan) face (thump, groan) does (whack, groan) look (slap, groan) fa—(thud, groan)—millar" (swish, groan).

"Oh, you remember me, do you?" growled the rubber sarcastically. "Well, dash yer old hide, mebbe you'd like to send me up for six months again for prizefightin'!"—Harper's Magazine.

## Guns For Battleships.

It appears that the tendency in the British and the United States navies is to reduce the number of guns and to increase their arcs of fire and also to have no guns above 6 inch caliber for supporting the 12 or 13 inch. This method of decreasing the number and caliber of guns is an ideal theory for reducing weights, but ships are built to carry guns, and to fight, and it would seem better to reduce weights elsewhere than in the battery and ammunition.

In an engagement between battleships of similar armor and displacement which one will probably be the victor? There can be but one answer. It will be the one that effectively delivers the greatest amount of steel against the other ship. During the engagement each ship will necessarily lose the use of numerous guns and men, and therefore the ship that carries the larger number of guns and that has a reserve force of men below in protected places for filling the vacancies at the remaining guns will certainly have the advantage, and some obscure guns that are generally looked upon with disfavor on account of their small arcs of fire may, at the critical moment when their companions of larger arcs are dismounted, become the means of insuring victory.—Lieutenant E. W. Eberle, U. S. N., in Cassier's Magazine.

## Meals In France.

The French are very temperate in food and drink, a cup of coffee with a piece of bread being considered quite sufficient until noon, when the déjeuner a la fourchette is served. This consists of a first course of eggs or macaroni, a second of one chop each or stew, and a third of fruit and cheese. Plenty of bread (always good in France) is eaten during the meal, but butter rarely, and a glass or two of wine diluted with water, but never iced or sweetened, is drunk by each member of the family, including the children. Dinner, usually at 7 o'clock, is a little more elaborate meal, from which soup and a salad are seldom omitted, and black coffee is often served with cognac at the end. Owing to the fact that so much chicory is used French coffee is not much to the taste of Anglo-Saxons. I have never yet had what I call a cup of "good" coffee in France, whereas in Vienna and Munich it is simply delicious. Coffee being very dear in France (60 cents per pound for good quality) may account for the excessive use of chicory.—What to Eat.

## To Preserve Health.

People should sleep on their right sides and avoid the habit of making plans when in bed. Eight hours should be spent in sleep. The window should be open all night, and the quantity of coverings should be regulated by a thermometer. The morning tub should be at the temperature of the body. Exercise should be taken before breakfast by those who are robust; those who are weakly should take a glass of milk and a biscuit before going out. The eating of fat should be cultivated, as it feeds the little cells, which destroy disease germs. Intoxicants destroy these cells. Animals are apt to carry disease germs; therefore, children should not be allowed to pet and fondle stray cats, dogs, etc. Three Ds should be particularly watched—drinking water, dampness and drains. If a child is threatened with a cold, strip his feet and fairly toast them before the fire for nearly half an hour, till they are thoroughly heated through. Then put him to bed and rub his chest with goose grease or vaselin until it glows, and have him drink a cup of very hot milk. Few colds will survive this treatment.

## Strong Soup.

In the life of William Stokes, written by his son, which has appeared in London, it is told how Soyer was sent over to Dublin during the great famine to show the people how make soup. Stokes asked a starving beggar why he did not go and get some of the soup that was being freely distributed.

"Soup, is it, your honor? Sure, it isn't soup at all." "And what is it, then?" inquired Stokes. "It is nothing, your honor, but a quart of water boiled down to a pint, to make it strong!"

This is the soup maigre which Hogarth caricatured in his picture of the French troops at Calais.

Exact justice is commonly more merciful in the long run than pity, for it tends to foster in men those stronger qualities which make them good citizens.—Lowell.

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Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to your hand when you are on the point of punching, scratching, stealing, or doing any improper act.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their snirth, games and revelry.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

#### The Queen Humble-Bee.

The length of life of a queen humble-bee is probably little more than a year at most. Here is one reason for this belief. She hatches among the late broods of summer, and soon after leaves the nest, leading a vagabond existence, night and day, among the autumn flowers. The winter she passes in an earth-burrow dug by herself, and unaided establishes a colony in the spring. These combined periods of fall and spring require the daily use of her frail wings in the field at least four months. Now, we know that the wings of the worker honey-bee wear out in less than half that time; also that the old queens who take to the field after the nest breaks up in August frequently have tattered wings and soon disappear. Nature does not supply insects with new wing cells, as it supplies birds with new wing feathers. So the loss of the power of flight at this season of the year to the queen humble-bee means the loss of life.—St. Nicholas.

#### The Boomerang.

One of the most remarkable weapons used by savage races in war or in hunting is the boomerang of the aborigines of Australia. It is of hard wood, bent in a curve, and is from two feet to two feet nine inches long by from two to three inches broad. It has one side convex, the other flat, with a sharp edge along the convexity of the curve. The curve varies greatly in different instruments. When to be thrown, it is taken in the hand by the handle (which has cross cuts on it) and held up at arm's length over the shoulder. With the convex edge forward and the flat



TYPES OF THE BOOMERANG.

side down, it is then thrown directly onward with a strong quick fling, as if to hit some one forty yards in advance. The hand is drawn back at the same time, with a movement like that in the "screw-back" stroke at billiards. The missile slowly ascends in the air, whirling round and round, and describing a curved line of progress till it reaches a considerable height, when it begins to retrograde, and finally, if thrown with sufficient force, falls eight or ten yards behind the thrower, or it may fall near him. This surprising motion is produced by the bulged side of the missile. The air impinging thereon lifts the instrument in the air, exactly as by hitting the oblique bars in a windmill, it forces it to go round. It should be added that the path of the boomerang can be varied by the will of the thrower, and that the sweep of go two boomerangs exactly agrees. The force with which it flies is great; the Rev. J. G. Wood has seen a dog killed on the spot, and nearly cut in two by the stroke.—Family Herald.

#### Pass It On.

Once when I was a schoolboy, going home for the holidays, I had a long way to go to reach the far-away little town in which I dwelt. I arrived at Bristol, and got on board the steamer with just enough money to pay my fare; and, that being settled, I thought in my innocence I had paid for everything in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water. Then came the rough Atlantic, and the need of nothing more. I had been lying in my berth for hours, wretchedly ill, and past caring for anything, when there came the steward, and stood beside me.

"Your bill, sir," said he, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," said I, in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?" I said him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with the gilt band about it, and held out his hand. "I should like to shake hands with you," he said.

I gave him my hand, and shook his as well as I could. Then came the explanation—how that some years before some little kindness had been shown

his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it," said he pleasantly; "but I am glad it has."

"So am I," said I.

As soon as I got ashore, I told my father what had happened. "Ah," said he, "see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember, if you meet anybody that needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to them."

Years had gone by. I had grown up and quite forgotten it all, until one day I had gone to the station of one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket, when I saw a little lad crying, a thorough gentleman he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears as he pleaded with the booking clerk.

"What is the matter, my lad?" I asked.

"If you please, sir, I haven't money enough to pay my fare. I have all but a few pence, and I tell the clerk if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly it flashed upon me, the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then, was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed, and then got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of long ago and of the steward's kindness to me. "Now, to-day," I said, "I pass it on to you, and remember, if you meet with any one who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to them."

"I will, sir, I will," cried the lad, as he took my hand, and his eyes flashed with earnestness.

"I am sure you will," I answered.

I reached my destination, and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief fluttering from the window of the carriage, as if to say: "It is all right, sir; I will pass it on."—Home and School Visitor.

#### Loyal to the Union.

Labor unions are perhaps a little strict about their rules, but the innocent reader is under no obligation to accept as literal truth the following story printed by the Cleveland Leader. The best newspapers will sometimes exaggerate.

There was trouble at the Maginnises' night before last. Mrs. Maginnis had just made a fine batch of "ketchup," which she left in the kitchen.

When Mr. Maginnis got home he went into the kitchen for a drink of water, and presently several "dull thuds" were heard in the back yard.

Loud talking between Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis followed, and at one time the sounds indicated that something like a fight was in progress.

When Mr. Maginnis fared forth, next morning, one of his neighbors asked him if he and his wife had been having an engagement with burglars.

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Maginnis. "I trowed Mrs. Maginnis' ketchup out of the house, so I did."

"Why did you do that?" he was asked.

"Why did I do it? Say, I'm a union man."

"Well, what has the union to do with your wife's ketchup?"

"If I had 'a' left that ketchup in me house I would have been expelled," said Mr. Maginnis.

"How so?"

"Why, there it was 10 o'clock, and the ketchup workin' over time. The union don't allow that. Not a bit of it!"

#### Useless.

Binks was a good-hearted fellow, but a hopeless inebriate. When not in his cups he was a most exemplary citizen, but at intervals of a few weeks he was wont to indulge in a prolonged "spree," during which he would squander his money, reel about the streets, and conduct himself in a disgraceful manner generally.

Then he would "sober up," suffer tortures of remorse, promise better behavior for the future, be a pattern of industry and sobriety for another period, and in some unguarded moment fall again from his high estate, and make a beast of himself in the old way.

On one occasion, when he was undergoing the sobering process and was pouring his sorrows into the sympathetic ear of a friend, the latter interrupted him.

"Binks," he said, "why don't you end all this? The next time you feel that intolerable craving coming on, old fellow, go and jump off the pier."

"It wouldn't do any good," tearfully answered Binks. "I—I can swim!"—Youth's Companion.

#### How Edison Proposed.

The idea of the great electrician Edison marrying was first suggested by an intimate friend, of whom Edison timidly inquired who he should marry. "Any one," But Edison was not without sentiment when the time came. One day as he stood behind the chair of a Miss Stillwell, a telegraph operator in his employ, he was not a little surprised when she suddenly turned round and said:

"Mr. Edison, I can always tell when you are behind or near me." Edison frowned the young lady, and, looking at her fixedly, said:

"I've been thinking considerably about you of late, and if you are willing to marry me I would like to marry you."

The young lady said she would talk the matter over with her mother. The result was their marriage, and a very happy one it proved to be.

#### Devotional Oxen.

In many parts of Germany it is believed that oxen fall on their knees in the stalls at the moment of Christ's nativity.

It's surprising how much a woman can say about herself without telling anything.

## THE NAVAL HEROES OF THE GREAT SANTIAGO BATTLE.



#### A GRANITE PILL.

Facetious Suggestion of an Old Bay State Odd Fellow.

The authorities of the Oddfellows of Worcester, Mass., are anxious that all local Oddfellows shall be buried together in the local cemetery, and, as an inducement, the tomb shown has been put up. The monument is made of slabs of solid granite, and has been polished. It looks like a stupendous ball of stone, and is the most conspicuous object in the cemetery. A large plot of land round about it has been purchased.



THE MONUMENT.

chased by the committee, and the Worcester Oddfellows will have their names engraved on this unique memorial.

It appears that some of the members do not approve of the idea, as many people prefer to be buried with their families. Some amusement was caused by one of the objecting members suggesting that the memorial should be placed over the grave of a doctor who died recently, as the ball of stone would represent a certain pill which it appears the physician had been fond of giving to his patients.

#### Climate of Iceland.

Iceland is not by any means so forbidding a country as its name implies; it is no more a land of ice than Greenland is a land of verdure. It is not nearly so cold as many places in the United States, not to mention the Canadian Dominion. The fifty and sixty degrees below zero registered every winter in the Northwest Territory and Assiniboina, and even the thirty-five and forty below experienced in Montana and Northern Dakota, are unheard of in Iceland. Neither is the other extreme of great heat felt, such as these very regions in North America endure. No Icelanders know what a temperature of a hundred in the shade is. There are no sudden fluctuations or great changes; the climate is remarkably equable. A variation of thirty degrees in a month is probably not on record in the island. This equableness is due, of course, to the same cause that produces a similar effect in the British Isles—the gulf stream. This great ocean current washes the southern and western shores of Iceland, insuring a mild winter and a balmy summer. There are glaciers, but they form no icebergs. The sea around the island is never frozen, nor indeed is any floating ice seen, save on rare occasions off the northern coast. Now and then, in summer, prolonged storms will carry floating ice across from the Greenland coast, and drive it upon the northern shore of Iceland, together with cold fog and rain. In this way polar bears

are also sometimes landed on the island. On the other hand, the winters are so mild that thunderstorms often occur. In fact, most of the thunder storms in Iceland are in the winter months.

#### A Taste of Discipline.

The woman who insists on dragging her helpless child into the most crowded of shops is abroad in the land this year, as usual. I encountered her, or a certain variety of her, in the waiting room of a big store day before yesterday. She wasn't quite the common variety, for her child was not helpless. In fact, it was quite evident that the child had dragged the mother, and not the mother the child. She must have been 5 years old, and was so "spoiled"—well, as my old mammy used to put it, she was spoiled till her presence was really an offense to the olfactory sense. She wanted something her mother couldn't give her, and she proceeded to scream. The mother coaxed. The mother begged. The child screamed. The child danced with rage, and then she held her breath. The frightened mother tried to pacify her, and then when the child grew purple in the face and seemed on the point of choking, the poor woman began to cry.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she sobbed. "The doctor told me not to get her into a tantrum. She'll die, I know she will!"

Just at this juncture an elderly woman, with a square chin, stepped up. She did not say a word. She simply reached down, lifted that child, laid her across her knee, and gave her several resounding spanks. The astonished child caught her breath instantly. She was too surprised to go on screaming. She simply stared. The mother began to say things to the elderly woman with the square jaw, but the elderly woman walked calmly away. There was the look in her face as of a great desire gratified.—Washington Post.

#### Their Hats Came Off.

"I had a bit of fun on Labor Day," said an English resident of New York. "I was on the big ferry steamer coming across the ten miles wide bay, when I said to the crowd on board, 'Take your hats off.' 'What for?' was the reply. I laughed, and said, 'See those ships over there? About three hundred, aren't there? They are British ships, every one. See that little red flag hanging at the stern of each? Take your hats off to that. Those three hundred or more flags are Britain honoring your Labor Day; take off your hats and return the compliment. Where are your manners, anyway? And the hats came off.'"

#### Novel Antiburglar Device.

In a report from Leipzig, Germany, Consul Warner describes a novel German anti-burglar device. This consists of flexible safety curtains made of hardened tubes properly connected, which are invulnerable to the ordinary burglar's tools, for the reason that the tubes revolve freely and the centerbit or other tool can find no hold.

#### Cannot Work in High Altitude.

It has been found in Switzerland that in building a railway laborers could work only one-third as long at a height of 10,000 feet as a mile lower.

#### Highest Point for Health.

The highest point to which a man can ascend without health being seriously affected is 16,500 feet.

#### TOAD'S INGENIOUS PLAN.

Owes Its "Board and Keep" to the Electric Light Company.

A Kansas City toad owes its "board and keep" to the electric light company. An electric arc light hangs at the corner of Prospect avenue and Independence boulevard, and at night it



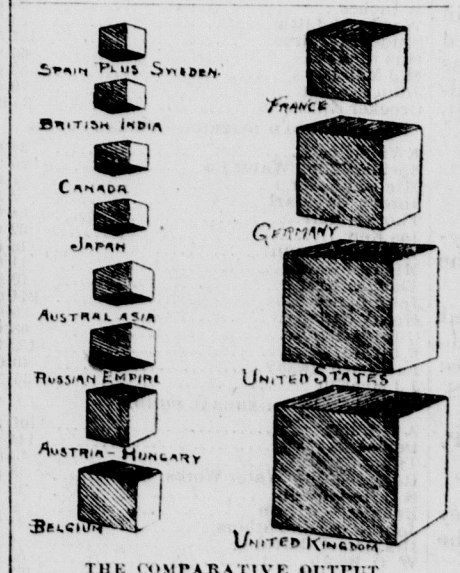
HOW THE ELECTRIC LIGHT FEEDS HIM, attracts myriads of flies and bugs. They flutter too near the flame, become blinded or singe their wings and fall to the toad, who sits below in delightful anticipation.

He dines slowly, as becomes an epicure, taking about an hour for the performance.

#### WORLD'S BLACK DIAMONDS.

British Isles Supply Nearly 38 Per Cent of All the Coal Mined.

The British Isles congratulate themselves that, in spite of their limited



area, they supply 38 per cent. of all the coal mined in the world at the present time. The United States is not far behind, however, annually digging from the earth 30 per cent. of the valuable black diamonds.

#### A Hall of Education.

Greater New York is to have a hall of education, to cost something like \$500,000. The project has been dragging along for nine years. It is to be used exclusively by the Board of Education, which now rents quarters on the outside from time to time.

People are beginning to admit that many men are looking for work who do not want it.

## SONS OF FARMERS

Are Many of Our Most Famous Generals and Admirals.

Many of America's most famous generals were born and raised on a farm. Grant was a farmer and worked on a farm until appointed to West Point.

Garfield was a farmer's boy of Ohio, and he graduated from the farm to the township. When the war came he was in Congress, but unlike a good many political generals he proved equal to the position he held.

Ormsby Mitchell, the astronomical general, was born on his father's farm in Union County, Kentucky, his father having moved into that State from Virginia.

Sheridan's birthplace is in doubt. Some authorities say that he was born in Albany, and others that he was an Ohioan by birth. Whatever his birthplace he was appointed to West Point from Ohio, and he made himself what he was.

Custer was born on a farm at New Rumley, Ohio, and did the work of a farmer until he was old enough to go to a military academy.

Schofield's birthplace was Gerry, Chautauque County, N. Y. His father, a pastor, moved in 1843 to Illinois and there the son worked on a farm until he reached the age for a military education.

Burnside was born in a log cabin at Liberty, Mo., and as a boy was a farmer until he learned the trade of a tailor. Halleck was born in Waterville, Onondaga County, N. Y.; Thomas in Southampton, Va.; Hancock in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania; Butler in Deerfield, N. H.; Rosecrans in Kingston, Ohio; Pope at Kaskaskia, Ill.; Logan in Jackson County, Illinois, where his father was a doctor; Crook near Dayton, Ohio; Kilpatrick near Deerpark, N. J.; Lew Wallace in Brookville, Ind.; Hooker at Hadley, Mass.; Franklin at York, Pa.; Slocum at Delphi, Onondaga County, N. Y.; the fighting McCooks on an Ohio farm; Stoneman in Chautauque County, N. Y., and Howard at Leeds, Me.

Of the city-born generals Merritt and Phil Kearney are products of New York City; McClellan was born in Philadelphia; Fremont in Savannah, Ga.; McDowell in Columbus, Ohio; Alfred Pleasanton in Washington; Terry in Hartford, Conn.; while Meade was born in Cadiz, Spain, where his father was a representative of the United States.

Gen. Miles, the present head of the army, was born on a farm in Worcester County, Massachusetts.

Shafter, who leads the army of invasion at the eastern end of Cuba, was born on a Michigan farm. Oates, one of the new brigadiers, was born on his father's farm in Bullock County, Alabama, and Harrison Gray Otis, of California, another new brigadier, was born on his father's farm near Marietta, Ohio.

Of the new major generals Coppinger and Sewell are the only foreign born, they having come from Ireland. Graham, the senior major general, was born in Washington, and Breckinridge's parents, at the time of his birth, lived in Baltimore.

Turning to the navy, the most conspicuous figure of the day, Acting Rear Admiral Sampson, was born on a farm near Palmyra, N. Y., and worked hard all of his boyhood days. Sigbee was born, too, on a farm in Albany County, Dewey, on the contrary, though born in a small Vermont town, never held the plow, his father being a doctor and fairly well off.

#### Had Nothing to Say.

You want to be a soldier, Jim? Well, I don't blame you, lad; The fever that has hit you now once more, keyed with your dad. I know exactly how you feel, you're aching fur a scrap. An' want to go an' help to wipe ol' Spain clean off the map. When I was young an' full o' nerve in eighteen sixty-one I wasn't half content till I was coupled to a gun. An' now that you're a-feelin' in that same ol' hostile way An' want to emulate your dad I've not a word to say.

I hope you've reckoned up the cost an' counted it up well. Fur war, as Gen'l Sherman said, ain't fur removed from hell! You'll find it ain't no picnic, Jim; you'll soon find out that you Won't have a bit o' nerve too much is pullin' of you through. It ain't no circus-day affair when shells begin to bust. An' comrades lie in blood an' pain a-writin' in the dust. An' bullets, jes' like maddened bees, zip past in fiendish way. But if you have a mind to go I've not a word to say.

I want to tell you honest, boy, that this ain't no surprise; I've seen the sparks of loyal pride a-dancin' in your eyes. An' I've been waitin' fur a week to hear you make your talk. An' show your daddy that you come of good ol' fightin' stock. An' now, to close the matter up, I'll tell you further, Jim. Your daddy would have knocked you out or you'd a-walloped him. If, when you'd hear your country call, you'd make a coward play—I'm proud o' you! God bless you, boy. That's all I've got to say. —Indianapolis Journal.

#### Take Them Off in Church.

The hat reform movement has struck in hard on in Kansas, where the women in several towns remove their headgear in church as well as at the theater. It would be difficult to establish that reform in the East, say at about the close of the Lenten season.

Riders Must Close Their Mouths. A physician who has given much thought to the subject says that so long as the cyclist can breathe with the mouth shut he is certainly safe so far as heart attack is concerned.



## MY BAD LITTLE BOY.

Did you ever see him, my bad little boy,  
Down on the sands by the sea?  
That is his picture—my boy's own self—  
With his big eyes smiling at me!  
With his hands in his pockets, his hat  
Away.  
And his face all covered with tan;  
Oh, he was a bad little boy—my boy,  
Who never will be a man!

He kept me busy from morn till night;  
I lived in a Babel of noise!  
He would romp and play in the roughest  
way.  
After the fashion of boys.  
He spilled my ink and he broke my pen,  
I had never a chance to write,  
Till the mystical music of winds and  
waves  
Had lulled him to sleep at night.

But once in a while he would come and  
lay  
His curly head on my knee,  
And watch the Sun King going down  
To his kingdom under the sea.  
And talk in his odd little way of things  
Too deep for my duller ken  
After the fashion of some little boys—  
Boys who will never be men.

Alas and alas for my bad little boy!  
It happened one summer day  
That the light went out of the tired eyes  
And the little feet lagged on the way.  
And just as the sun was going down  
To his kingdom under the sea,  
The angels came for my bad little boy  
And took him away from me.

There is quiet now when I want to write,  
There is never a toy on the floor,  
Nobody teases the cross old cat,  
Nobody pounds on the door,  
Nobody lolls or breaks my pens,  
Nobody spills my ink;  
I have plenty of time to read and work,  
I have too much time to think.

And I think as I sit here alone to-night  
In the shadowy silence and gloom  
I would give the wealth of the world to  
see  
My bad little boy in the room,  
To hear the rollicking ring of his laugh,  
To see him among his toys,  
Or playing at leap frog over the chairs  
After the fashion of boys.

I would give the world—for I miss him  
so—  
To have him with me again!  
My boy who has entered the silent ranks  
Of the boys who will never be men,  
And I think if an angel looked down to  
see  
His song would lose some of its joy,  
For all that was dearest in life to me  
Is gone with my bad little boy.  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## A PRISONER IN ARMS.

CHANCITA sat on the rose-covered porch listening, but with inattentive ears, to the marching and counter-marching of the militia which was drilling in the block below.

The troops were hourly expecting a call to active service in the war with Spain, but Chancita was not thinking of war, but of love.

To-night Manuel would come for his answer, and she had decided at last to give him her promise. The reproachful eyes of Tom Reilly haunted her, and her conscience remonstrated, but Chancita shrugged her shoulders in disdain. It is true she had encouraged Tom. Had even gone so far as to contemplate with pleasure the possibilities of the three rooms over his grocery, for the home-making instinct was strong in Chancita, but Tom was so hopelessly slow—unresponsive and as awkward as a schoolboy when she was kind, and when she openly scoffed at him he had never a word to say in reply, but stood looking at her with a pained, uncomprehending look. Now Manuel—the hot blood rushed to her cheeks at the thought of La Piestra and the moonlight walk in the park. She thrilled at the memory of the way Manuel's arm had stolen around her and his dark head bent over hers until his mustache brushed her cheek. She had resented the kiss with a blow, and then Manuel, seizing her hands, had kissed her again and again till she lay trembling and subdued in his arms.

But Chancita's thoughts were interrupted by Lupe Valencia, who came running down the street with a shawl thrown over her head, Spanish fashion. "Chancita," she exclaimed, breathlessly, as soon as she was within speaking distance, "Mrs. La Spada has been arrested. She wrote a letter to the Spanish Premier."

"What folly!" interrupted Chancita. "Mrs. La Spada cannot so much as scratch her name with a pen, and, as for writing a letter—"

"But 'tis true. I was there when they took her. She cautioned me to say nothing, for 'twas Manuel who wrote it, and she would not betray him."

"And what then? Can we no longer write to Spain without arrest?"

"O, the letter was opened at the postoffice. It urged the Spaniards to attack Santa Barbara; told how there was only one gatling gun on the coast south of San Francisco, and that all the troops were to be called away, leaving us defenseless."

"The traitor!" exclaimed Chancita, springing up. "The double-dyed traitor. To enjoy the good things of a country and then—stab in the back!"

"Manuel hoped great things from the Spaniards—perhaps even a rancho in Cuba."

"It was a regular Judas trick."

Lupe shrugged her shoulders and slipped away, saying: "Well, there was no harm done. I just come over to tell you the news."

"Mother," called Chancita through the open door, "if Manuel comes tell him he will find me near San Morro watching the drill."

Manuel did not follow Chancita. He felt that he had received his answer, and turned away with an angry light in

his eyes and a curse on his lips. His family was in too great disfavor for him to care to mingle in a crowd of loyal citizens.

Tom Reilly, although a new recruit, was winning the approbation of the officers by his military bearing and the skill with which he executed the maneuvers of the drill, but his heart was heavy, for to him enlisting had meant more than the mere facing of danger. It meant relinquishing the last hope of winning the beautiful Spanish girl whom he loved.

Suddenly he looked up and met Chancita's gaze. Surely there was no anger there. Admiration shone in her eyes, and there was a wistful look in the drooping corners of her scarlet lips. Never had he seen her face so soft and tender. Forgetful of military discipline, Tom would have left the ranks and gone to her but for the sharp reprimand of the Captain, which recalled him to his duty.

However, the drill was soon over, and Chancita, womanly wise, lingered.

Walking home under the shadowy trees, Tom carried his first assault against the Spanish. Never was an attack more sudden nor a surrender more complete. What was said is a secret between them and the stars, but Chancita found herself a prisoner within the barricade of his arms.

"And the banis shall be published next Sunday," declared Tom, triumphantly.

"Why such haste?"

"That I may have a wife to look after my interests at home," said Tom, gazing tenderly at the sweet face resting against his shoulder.

And Chancita, smiling contentedly back at him, consented.—Boston Post.

## AN ISOLATED RACE.

Ainos of Japan, Who Had Never Seen a Foreigner.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd writes for the Century, from personal observation, an article entitled "In Aino Land." Mrs. Todd says: In the summer of 1896, as a lay member of the Amherst College expedition which visited northern Japan to view the total eclipse of the sun, I had the rare opportunity of seeing the absolutely primitive "hairy Aino" of that region. In the southern portion of the island, near Hakodate and Sapporo, and about Volcano Bay, travelers have visited these shy and silent people. But several hundred miles north are many Ainos who, until the summer of 1896, were strangers to the members of any race but their own or the few Japanese who are establishing small fishing villages along the coast. The dwellers in the province of Kitami are too distant to be sought by visitors; and a foreign woman, the Japanese officials informed me, had never before reached Kitami.

Skirting the rough western coast by steamer, and rounding Cape Soya, the eclipse party located at Esashi, which must not be confused with another town of the same name near Hakodate. The news of the arrival of strange white foreigners spread quickly among the neighboring villages. Walking with stately tread, bushy-haired and bearded groups of Ainos often passed the expedition headquarters, apparently looking for nothing unusual, and giving no evidence of curiosity, yet never failing to see every foreign figure within their range. Humbly accompanying their lords, women and children frequently followed, far less imposing than the men. Somewhat larger, and apparently stronger, than the Japanese, although not taller, the older men are actually patriarchal, with long beards, and masses of thick hair parted in the middle. Many faces have a benign and lofty expression.

Driven gradually through ages from the south to Hokkaido, the Ainos are among the few races yet retaining, in this over-civilized world of ours, an utterly unspoiled simplicity. Their origin has never been satisfactorily traced, but they were certainly in Japan long before the present race of Japanese had arrived, and names clearly originating in the Aino tongue are still retained all over the empire. Gentle and subservient to the conquering race, it is evident that they formerly held more egotistic views than now, even fancying themselves the center of the universe, as is shown perhaps by an old national song:

Gods of the sea, open your eyes divine,  
Wherever your eyes turn, there echoes the  
sound of the Aino speech.

## Guarded by a Snake.

There was a stampede among workmen engaged in cleaning the Canner street sewer to-day. The sewer is a five-foot affair, and several men, under the direction of Daniel Lawlor, were inside sweeping the accumulation of sand and filth that covered the floor of the conduit knee deep.

Mr. Lawlor was in advance of others, laying out the work, when he heard a prolonged hiss issuing from an "eye" in the sewer, directly ahead of him. Turning his lantern in that direction he saw a huge snake of the most venomous species coiled upon a pile of hardened sand. Its head swayed from side to side, and its forked tongue played with lightning rapidity.

An alarm was given, and the workmen ran pell-mell for a manhole. Finally two of them ventured back into the sewer and killed the reptile with spades after an exciting fight. It was three feet long, and as big around as a man's wrist.—New Haven Spec. New York World.

## In de Mawin'.

De good Lawd hide me out er sight,  
Per dey got a ship th'ows dynamite,  
En blows you up laik a streak er light,  
En de war won't end in de mawin'!

De good Lawd keep me day en night,  
Fum de ship dat come wid de dynamite,  
En I'll got ter glory on a streak er light,  
En de war won't end in de mawin'!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## FADS OF THE SEASON.

### SOME LATE NOVELTIES IN SUMMER APPAREL.

Trained Street Dresses, of Wash Goods, Are Now Worn—Diaphanous Little Capes that Are Designed Solely for Ornament.

Numerous Dressy Accessories, New York correspondence.

RIGHT as we may against the idea of the trained street dress, the woman who wears one gracefully looks so well that we are bound to feel ourselves weakening. At any rate, it is not so bad to let a wash dress trail as it is to drag silk or cloth in the dirt. Many of the later linen dresses are made with distinctly demi-train skirts, which are cut, of course, according to Spanish flounce fashion, the most becoming style of skirt, by the way, that we have seen for a long while. A pretty and cool idea for a summer bodice that shall be suitable for the street is an Eton jacket affair with loose tabs in front, hanging below the waist. This was worn over a soft lay-down shirt waist in the first costume pictured here. When such jackets are made of a material to match the wash skirt it is hardly any addition to the weight of the costume, while it gives the woman who wants some covering for the street the sense of having on a jacket.

The shoulder covering that women



ELABORATE DEVICES FOR SUMMER TRIMMING.

desire in summer is this year more often in cape than in jacket shape. Shape is about all there is to it, too. Two of these elegant trifles are shown at the upper corners of the next illustration. The first one was linen colored lawn, and was designed to cover the shoulders and not add a bit to the warmth of the costume. Such wraps are set on a little yoke of open work and are draped prettily at the sides, hanging in long scarf ends, the bodice beneath showing down the front. The back of the neck in this one was prettily built up, and the effect was distinctly outdoor-like, though the garment was so light that the under bodice showed through. And that bodice was



BLACK LACE ON A WASH GOWN.

a pretty idea. It was a princess waist made a good deal on the lines of the once popular jersey from light-blue organdie. This was shirred in close lines to a little below the hips. Such a bodice lends curves to a thin or undeveloped figure, and is suitable for any thin or transparent material. It won't go into the tub, though, remember that. The second of these popular thin shoulder capes was really only a cape in the back. It was cut very short on the shoulders and was no more than a

pair of scarf ends in front. These capes are made of lace, and are very pretty, or are of net and grenadine trimmed with lace. A great many are in black, but perhaps the most dressy are in cream or in linen color. This one was sketched in linen colored grenadine trimmed with cream lace and with cream chiffon ruchings shaped into scarf ends. Sometimes such capes are on the slightest foundation of silk, but as a rule the idea seems merely to



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THIS TREATMENT.

break the outline of the figure for the street and to give a little drapery that is almost transparent. Such a covering is becoming to any figure, and is especially suitable to the young matron. The older woman adds dignity to the garment by increasing the length of the scarf ends.

Wraps of this sort are but one of many sorts of ornamental accessories

## ANEC DOTE AND INCIDENT

Robert Browning was once introduced to the Chinese ambassador, the introducer, who acted as interpreter, observing that they were both poets. In the conversation, Browning asked how much poetry his excellency had written. "Four volumes," was the answer. "And what style does your excellency cultivate?" "Chiefly the enigmatical," replied the other. "We felt doubly brothers after that," was Browning's subsequent comment.

The tender affection of Mrs. Gladstone for the dead statesman was characterized by implicit faith and reverent devotion. An English bishop was a guest at Hawarden Castle, and joined in a conversation with Mrs. Gladstone and others concerning the Armenian atrocities. "There is one above who knows," piously concluded the Bishop. "Yes," replied Mrs. Gladstone; "he'll be down in a minute or two. He's upstairs washing his hands just now."

"Kalsomine" Hill, a little, twisted, gnarled old negro who fought with Grant, is in camp with the New York volunteers, and has attached himself to Col. Welch. Early one morning, Kalsy appeared at officers' headquarters with four chickens. The fowls were quickly prepared for breakfast before any farmer could identify them. Col. Welch thus cautioned him: "We must not steal, Kalsy." "You won't need to, sah, while I'm along," promptly replied Kalsy.

A clergyman preached a rather long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped his sermon and said: "That is right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed pass out!" He continued his sermon some time after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

At a recent sitting of the French Academy, the members met in the vestibule on their way out two Sisters of Charity seeking alms. Everybody gave them something; but the nuns, not having perceived that M. de Bornier had contributed his share, solicited from him a second time. Naturally M. de Bornier politely protested that he had done his duty. "I believe him," said M. Coppee in the ear of M. de Heredia; "but I did not see it." "And I," replied M. de Heredia, "I saw him, but I do not believe it."

The poet, Campbell, the author of the far-famed war poem, "Hohenlinden," in which occurs the reference to "Isler rolling rapidly," attended an evening party on one occasion, and when the gentlemen were securing their hats and coats previous to departure, suddenly the lights went out. In the confusion which followed, some one pushed vigorously against Campbell, knocking him down-stairs. The offending gentleman at once said: "Beg pardon, who's there?" and a voice replied from the depths below: "It is I, sir, rolling rapidly."

Beckford, author of the once famous "Vathek," and his daughter possessed extraordinary vocal gifts. The father took it into his head to practice in a back room the shrill cry of a peacock. He had noticed that when one peacock screamed another on the opposite side of the house generally screamed in defiance. At last, believing himself proficient, he gave his peacock cry, hiding himself behind a tree. To his great delight the peacock on the opposite side of the lawn screamed defiantly. Immediately after this, which occurred just before breakfast, he came into the breakfast-room, saying with triumph to his daughter: "And, Susan, the other peacock answered me." To his great annoyance his daughter burst into a fit of laughter. Rather provoked at this, he said: "Well, I think you might have congratulated me." And then, though still hardly able to speak for laughing, she said: "Why, papa, I was the peacock that answered you."

The President of France always patronizes art as a matter of the greatest importance, and visits in state all the expositions, about which he is conducted by the painters themselves, to whom, of course, he must make new remarks. The poor man is sometimes hard put to it. To the pastelliste President Faure said: "Ah, that's a landscape." President Carnot, more anxious to please, more man of the world, said: "Ah, yes, the Forest of Fontainebleau. I know the Forest of Fontainebleau." And then he enlarged upon the Forest of Fontainebleau. With Grevy, however, a man extremely fin, quick-witted, ready, the pastelliste's experience was this: "Oh, what a horror!" said President Grevy; "it's said to be something dreadful." Some one reminded him that the artist was standing by and had overheard. "Of course, you know," said Grevy, not disconcerted for a moment, and turning to the painter, "that one only depicts the things he intends to buy," and he immediately gave the order to have the picture sent to the Elysee.

## Materials of Birds' Nests.

The instinct of birds does not compel them in building their nests to use only familiar materials. The Literary Digest translates from a French periodical the following examples of a bird's facility of adaptation:

A bird's nest was found in the suburbs of Lille that was composed of white wool and of strips of paper from a telegraph office where the Morse system is used, situated several miles away.

The bird must have made a considerable number of trips, for the quantity of paper was large, and it had made a good choice of material, for every one knows that paper is a bad conductor of heat; it holds heat well, and one does not need to have traveled around the world to have found out that on a journey a good-sized journal of stout paper, like the English newspapers, holds heat as well as a blanket.

Near Besancon another nest was found, made wholly of watch-springs, evidently taken from the factories in the neighborhood. Here the selection was less happy, for metals are good conductors of heat. Finally, near a spot where a large St. Bernard dog is kept was found a nest built of hair detached from the dog's coat. In this case the inspiration was evidently good.

## WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

The duty of an expert witness to testify as other witnesses are obliged to do, for ordinary witness fees and without extra compensation, is declared, in Dixon vs. People (Ill.) 39 L. R. A. 116, and refusal to do so is held a contempt.

The bursting of a hoghead of molasses by reason of fermentation is held, in Faucher vs. Wilson (N. H.) 39 L. R. A. 434, to be a loss which a common carrier does not insure against, as it results from the operation of natural laws.

The right of an assignee of a rent note to the remedy of distress is denied, in Hunsell vs. Deposit Bank (Ky.), 39 L. R. A. 403, where the statute does not give the right, although it authorizes the assignment of the rent and its recovery by the assignee.

An oil lease giving the right to remove all the oil in place in the premises in consideration of a certain per cent. thereof given to the lessors is held, in Wilson vs. Hughes (W. Va.) 39 L. R. A. 292, to be in legal effect a sale of a portion of the land which can be made on behalf of an infant owner only in the statutory mode provided for sales of infants' realty.

An inspection and test of the guy wires or circuit breakers of an electric railroad company which uses the same poles that are used by a telephone company is held, in Bergin vs. Southern New England Telephone Company (Conn.) 39 L. R. A. 192, to be properly required by the telephone company of a lineman, when he is furnished with suitable appliances for that purpose and knows that there are no other persons employed to do the testing.

A deed to a fictitious grantee is held to convey no title in Wicht P. & Co. vs. Robertson (Tenn.) 39 L. R. A. 423, but a trust deed executed in a fictitious name by the real owner of the property, employing his own Christian name as that of a fictitious person to whom he had previously pretended to convey the property, is held binding on him, where he intended it to take effect as security for bonds issued therewith and transferred by him as security for his own debt. With this case a note reviews the authorities on the use of a fictitious name as affecting the validity of an instrument.

## Napoleon's Lost Treasure.

The recent find of an old military knapsack filled with French gold pieces coined about the beginning of the century, near Vilna, Russia, recalls the dreadful fate of Napoleon's grand army and its disastrous Russian campaign in 1812. After the destruction of Moscow, the bold conqueror was compelled to seek safety, but his return to the frontier was not the retreat of an orderly army; it was flight with all its horrors. Napoleon himself hurried back in advance of his army, in order to steady the throne, which had become shaky by events in Paris and elsewhere. The shipping of the war treasure, which at that time still contained 12,000,000 francs, and which was transported in barrels in carriages drawn by picked horses, was entrusted to Marshal Ney. Napoleon never saw the treasure again, and where it has remained was kept a profound secret for a long time. Under strong cover the transportation of the treasure was started for the frontier, but not far from Vilna the wagons struck in a defile, and it seemed impossible to get them out again. Rather than see the treasure in the hands of the Russians, Field Marshal Ney gave orders to break open the barrels and distribute the money to the retreating soldiers as they passed by, and this was done. Many of the soldiers threw away all their belongings in order to fill up their knapsacks with gold, but only a few of those who carried the heavy wealth were able to drag the burden to the frontier, and the very gold which was intended for their benefit was the cause of their perishing.

## A Relic of Druidism.

The yule-log in England is a relic of Druidism; its name is believed to be a corruption of the wheel-log—a wheel in Druidical symbolism typifying the march of the sun. The lighting of the yule-fire is reminiscent of the sacred fires kindled by the Druids at midwinter in the round towers which yet remain in many parts of Scotland, Ireland, France and Spain.

## Famous Hymns.

"In Evil Long I Took Delight," was by John Newton. He called it his "spiritual autobiography." "Come Thou, Almighty King," was written by Charles Wesley in imitation of "God Save the King." "Come Ye Disconsolate," was by the famous Irish poet, Thomas Moore, and appeared in his sacred songs in 1816.

Before marriage a girl wants a man to write her love letters, but after marriage nothing but checks will satisfy her.

The reader is often carried away with the author's train of thought.



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South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

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